

A STRANGE LEGACY

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—MR. DOTTELESON IS PUZZLED.

Mr. Montague Dottleton, East India merchant of Calcutta and London, was writing letters in the library of his private residence in Blakewood Square, Kensington. It was Sunday afternoon, and the rain was coming down with steady persistency, as though it had made up its mind to keep Londoners indoors for the rest of the day. Mr. Dottleton, who was a methodical man in everything, made a regular practice of going for a long walk every Sunday after lunch; and when the weather presumed to interfere with this arrangement the effect upon his temper was infelicitous. Accordingly, it is our misfortune to present him to the reader at a moment when he is decidedly snappish and surly.

Very aggravating, said he, throwing down his pen and going to the window; no chance of its clearing up either. How I detest a wet Sunday!

He picked up a book and made himself comfortable in an armchair; but he had hardly read a page when the door opened and his daughter Kate appeared. She was a fair, pretty girl of twenty, whose gentleness and tact saved her from coming in collision with her troublesome parents, at times when other members of the household shrunk from the consequences of intruding upon his privacy.

Well, what's the matter? asked Mr. Dottleton curiously. Grandmamma isn't feeling very well this afternoon, papa. Kate had not completed her errand, but knew from her father's manner that she had come in at a time when it was best to say as little as possible; when she was in this humor, he was certain to jump at any opportunity for grumbling, and would finish her message for her.

She wants that doctor, I suppose, said Mr. Dottleton. Perhaps we had better send for him. Mr. Dottleton threw down his book and frowned savagely. I can't stand a very singular thing, Kate, that, your maternal grandmother should select this impetuous young prig Lakeworth to be her medical attendant, when there are half-a-dozen experienced practitioners living within a stone's throw of the square. I can't very seriously think Mrs. Lamshed never knew what illness was or asked to see a doctor until she met this Dr. Lakeworth at Scarborough last summer. Her confidence in him is positively touching, and passes my comprehension altogether.

It was evidently a mystery to Kate also, for she shook her head slowly and looked out of the window. It was a sad, old-fashioned grandmother to have Dr. Lakeworth, and when a patient has reached the eighties, perhaps one physician can do little more than another.

I don't know why she likes him, papa. I suppose you must send for him; but I don't imagine he will thank Mrs. Lamshed for bringing him through a mile of back streets on a day like this, just to tell her that her heart is much the same as it was the day before yesterday.

Kate left the room without making any reply, and her father walked over to the hearth and proceeded to address the figure he saw reflected in the mirror above the mantel-piece. Many people have a habit of talking to themselves, and Mr. Dottleton cultivated it to a remarkable extent; it was his peculiarity, though, that he could not take himself properly into confidence unless he saw himself in the glass. He stood with his left hand thrust into his waistcoat pocket, emphasizing the remark he made half aloud with his right forefinger.

Now, will you have the goodness to tell my what my mother-in-law wants with this young medical? He's got no practice to speak of; he's got nothing any one can see to recommend him, and he lives most inconspicuously far away. Ever since she met him last year, she has required medical advice, and no advice but his will do. When she thinks she's ready, he's called in to earn a fee; and when she's well, he's called in to receive it. He's never out of the house. I wonder he doesn't take lodgings next door, to be close to the gold mine. I tell you candidly, continued Mr. Dottleton, suddenly withdrawing his hand from his pocket and tapping the palm impressively with his finger-tips, I tell you candidly that if I didn't know the old lady would alter her will without compunction, I'd forbid Dr. Charles Lakeworth the house.

Why, bless my heart! if Mrs. Lamshed lives ten years longer, she'll spend every shilling of her twenty thousand in physio and fees. This final prediction, although made by himself, worked upon Mr. Dottleton that he swung round upon his heel and stamped on the floor.

Mrs. Lamshed, who was the mother of his departed wife, was eighty-one years of age, and in spite of her frequent calls for the doctor, gave every promise of maintaining her interest in mundane affairs for ten or even twenty years longer. I'm an old woman, she was wont to say, but I was an old woman when I was forty, and I haven't grown a day older since—not a day.

And indeed Mrs. Lamshed seemed almost as active and sprightly now as she had been half a century ago. Fourteen years before, the middle-aged, dust-dried lawyer who looked after her concerns had come to urge the desirability of making her will.

Make my will! cried she. I'll make it, if you're afraid you won't live to do it, Smuggles; but I hadn't begun to think about it yet! Why should I? However, the solicitor's arguments prevailed, and the thing was done, to oblige her old friend, who had always taken good care of her affairs, and was in a hurry to finish them. And though the fact has no bearing upon this story, we may mention that the engraving of Mrs. Lamshed's will was the last bit of professional work the careworn Smuggles ever did for his client. He was twenty years her junior; but he passed from Lincoln's Inn to another place long before she began to use spectacles. The spring of vitality was strong in Mrs. Lamshed.

Mr. Dottleton turned away from the mirror to which he had been confiding, his woe, and went up stairs to see his mother-in-law, whom he found in the drawing-room with Kate.

I'm sorry to hear you're not well, he said, going to her side.

The old lady looked up and smiled. I'm

getting very feeble, Montague, though I don't look it. I am not quite up to the mark, and thought I'd like to see Lakeworth. They sent for him half an hour ago. But don't you think, now, that a more experienced man should be called in? Lakeworth will do nicely, Montague; he understands my constitution.

When an old lady is convinced that one particular man understands her constitution, no reasoning will move her. Mr. Dottleton knew this, and did not press the expediency of making a change.

What do you think is wrong, this time? he said, sitting down near her.

It's the heart, replied Mrs. Lamshed with a deep sigh, which did not seem quite genuine somehow.

Mr. Dottleton tried to put on a look of grave anxiety, but only succeeded in appearing sulky and incredulous. I trust not—I hope you're mistaken, he said. I must speak to Dr. Lakeworth when he comes.

His tone implied that he held the young man personally responsible for the condition of Mrs. Lamshed's heart, whatever it might be, and intended to know what he meant by it. He rose as he spoke and went back to the library, where he tried to interest himself once more in his book.

I don't think papa likes Dr. Lakeworth, said Kate, as soon as the door had closed behind her parent.

I don't know why, I'm sure; but he doesn't seem so pleased to see him as you do, child.

Kate laughed a little, and said no more. It was her heart, and not her grandmother's which gave reason for Charles Lakeworth's frequent visits; and the eagerness with which she pounced upon any excuse for calling him in to see Mrs. Lamshed had been a fruitful source of amusement to that lady, until she allowed Kate to see that she understood the manoeuvre.

Mr. Dottleton had never thought of his mother-in-law's favourite in connection with his daughter. He was essentially a grasping mercenary man, and the fear always before his eyes was, that Mrs. Lamshed might alter her will and bequeath her property to this doctor. He had heard of ladies who had cut off their rightful heirs in favour of their medical attendants, and Mrs. Lamshed was eccentric enough for anything. If any one had told him that Kate was the attraction, he would have laughed at the idea. She had nothing, and would have nothing but what he chose to give her; and it was not likely that a man who had to push his way in the world would encumber himself with a wife. Dr. Lakeworth was dancing attendance on the old lady in the hope of getting her money, and really she seemed so fond of him that the danger was making him very uneasy.

He got up and opened the door slightly, that he might hear the doctor's arrival, and also ascertain whether Kate stayed in the room during Mrs. Lamshed's interview with the young man. Dr. Lakeworth went straight up stairs when he came, and remained with the two ladies for fully an hour and a quarter, whilst Mr. Dottleton sat fuming and fidgeting in the library below.

Much value the fellow's time must be, he mused, looking at his watch, when the door upstairs opened, and Mrs. Lamshed's shrill cracked voice arose, cautioning the doctor not to forget that he had promised to come and see her on Tuesday.

I'll wait on him as he goes out, and find out once for all whether there's any actual necessity for these incessant visits.

Good afternoon, Mr. Lakeworth, he said, meeting the doctor in the hall. Just come this way for a moment, if you please. He led the way into the library, motioning the young man to follow him with the pompous air which had gained him the sobriquet of "Majestic Money" among his City friends.

I wish to ask you whether there is any cause for anxiety regarding Mrs. Lamshed's health, he said, when Charles Lakeworth was seated.

Mrs. Lamshed is under the impression that she is suffering from some internal malady; but I am unable to detect anything amiss. Of course any organic complaint would be serious to one of her advanced age; but I have no reason to suppose there is the least cause for anxiety.

Perhaps the confident tone of Dr. Lakeworth's reply irritated his questioner; for Mr. Dottleton put on his most majestic air, and fixing his pinches on his somewhat rufous nose, he elevated that feature until he could bring his dull fish-like eyes to bear upon his companion. Is that your opinion? he asked with light stress on the possessive pronoun.

That's my opinion, responded the doctor quietly.

Then there's no actual necessity for your rather frequent professional visits? I can do nothing for Mrs. Lamshed but allay fears about herself. They are groundless; but a lady of her years is naturally prone to make much of any little feeling of indisposition.

Mr. Dottleton lay back in his chair considering what he had better say next. If he made any attempt to discourage Dr. Lakeworth's calls, it would infallibly come to his mother-in-law's ears, and her resentment might produce results very detrimental to himself. It would not do to attack the position from this side, when he had only his suspicions to work upon; it would be less risky to go to the root of the matter with Mrs. Lamshed. He rose and extended his hand.

I'll say good-evening, then, Mr. Lakeworth, you have relieved my mind very much regarding your patient.

Charles Lakeworth left the house, and Mr. Dottleton went in search of his mother-in-law. He meant to lose no time in putting her on her guard against this insidious enemy; but he knew that he would have to approach the subject very carefully.

I am very pleased to learn from Dr. Lakeworth that your fears about yourself are unfounded, he said cheerfully.

Oh yes, he thinks I'm all right, replied Mrs. Lamshed. I've great confidence in Lakeworth. I'm afraid he takes advantage of it to drain your purse pretty heavily in fees. He wants 'em, replied the old lady dryly. Poor fellow! he finds it hard to make both ends meet. But he'll make his way; I'm going to help him. It was bad enough to hear that this hang-

er-on was sent for more to benefit himself than the patient; but Mrs. Lamshed's last words made Mr. Dottleton turn red with anger. "Help," in his vocabulary, was synonymous with money; and here was his mother-in-law coolly telling him, her heir, that she was going to give help to an utter stranger who had no claim upon her whatever. It was quite time that he did speak to her; so he cleared his throat and began without more ado: "You know that of late it has often occurred to me that Dr. Lakeworth's attention to you is not so disinterested as it should be. I may be wrong, but I cannot get over the idea that he has some ulterior design upon us."

Mrs. Lamshed put on her spectacles and stared at her son-in-law. "Do you suppose I'm a fool, Montague Dottleton?"

"My dear madam, you misapprehend my meaning," said Mr. Dottleton with anxious gravity; "but really I have known such frequent cases in which kind-hearted ladies have been led away by their gratitude towards scheming physicians. I never for an instant imagined that Dr. Lakeworth or any one else would be able to bend your sturdy sense of what is right and just so as to serve his own interests; but he comes so frequently, he stays so long, and he—"

"And you think Lakeworth expects my money when I've done with it, and comes here to keep my friendship for him alive?"

"I am bound to confess that this had crossed my mind."

The old lady leaned over, and tapped her son-in-law gently on the knuckles with her spectacle case as she replied: "You are the fool, Montague Dottleton. You're as blind as a mole. If you hadn't betrayed these unworthy suspicions about an honourable man, I might have opened your eyes for you; but since you have such an unshakable opinion of him, I shall leave you to grope your own way to daylight. I've made my will, Montague, and you know what it says; but there's plenty of time to add a codicil to it, you know—plenty of time."

Mr. Dottleton saw that he had made grave mistake in mentioning his distrust; but he could not repair it now, and beat a hasty retreat. Mrs. Lamshed had hinted broadly that there was something going on which he was too blind to see, and which she was going to let him find out for himself. What over it might be, he would be very cautious in making his investigations; that remark about the possibility of making a codicil had gone home; for he knew it had not been spoken idly. The will, as it stood in his own favour. Mrs. Lamshed had bluntly observed when she made it, that Kate was only six years old, and there was no knowing what she might grow like; so her money should be left to one who would at least take care of it—namely, Montague Dottleton. She had a higher opinion of her son-in-law at that time than she had now; but he had always been kind and attentive since she went to live with him, and she had seen no reason, so far, to alter her designs.

What can the man be after, if it isn't the money? queried Mr. Dottleton on the hearing of Mr. Dottleton in the mirror. "He can't be so much attracted by Kate. She's a pretty girl, and a good girl, but she's got nothing. Then, again, her grandmother was always of a saving turn of mind, and she wouldn't encourage him to pay expensive visits if she had no object in view. It's absurd to suppose that she pays him to come here for nothing. If he admired Kate, he'd come without being sent for, and her grandmother can't fall to know that."

His mental vision had been so dimmed by the atmosphere of money in which his life had been passed, that he did not understand the possibility of man or woman being guided by any other motive. Love was a misty unreality outside the pale of his reasoning powers, and therefore did not enter into his speculations at all. His affection for Kate took the characteristic shape of finding a wealthy husband for her; she might choose for herself, as she had a right to; but measuring her heart by the size of his own, it never struck him that her choice might fall upon a man whom he would reject as ineligible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STATISTICS.

The value of the three crops of wheat, maize, and oats in the United States in 1887 was \$1,155,000,000.

The total quantity of coal now annually handled within the limits of the metropolis is upwards of 12,000,000 tons per annum. Within the last 30 years the coal-consumption of London has more than doubled.

The census of Bulgarian and Eastern Roumelias gives the population of the two principal cities as being 3,154,375, of whom 2,326,250 are Bulgarians, 607,000 Turks, 58,000 Greeks, 50,000 gipsies, who have no fixed residence, and 23,400 Jews.

Boston is the headquarters of the boot and shoe industry of America, the centre from which the marketable product of the great manufacturing towns thereabout is distributed. The population of these towns is chiefly made up of workers in the large shops which turn out pair after pair at the rate of nearly 100,000-000 pairs every year.

Tea is so little an article of necessity in France that the total consumption in 1888 for 38,000,000 of inhabitants was only a little over 1,000,000 lb., the greater part of which was probably consumed by English, American, and Russian visitors and residents.

The average per head of the population was 133 grammes, or less than half an ounce. The use of tea, instead of increasing, is diminishing, as the average per head was 143 grammes in 1886 and 1887. Coffee, on the other hand, increases in favour, and the consumption has more than quadrupled since 1841, and nearly doubled since 1861. It reached its maximum of 136,000,000 lb. in 1886 and was 134,000,000 lb., or more than 3½ lb. per head, in 1888.

Reason for Sleeplessness.

Yellowly—Why, Brownly, how had you look this morning. Did you sleep any last night?

Brownly—Not a wink.

Y.—Anybody sick?

B.—I am.

Y.—What's the matter?

B.—Well you see, my wife has been in the habit of going through my pockets at night and I thought what was good for the gander was good for the goose, so after she fell asleep last night I arose and set out to go through her pockets.

DEATHS FROM POISONING.

Some Celebrated English Cases Called up by the Maybrick Trial.

The Judge who presided at the Maybrick trial, Sir James Fitz James Stephen of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, is one of the most distinguished lawyers in England. Twenty years ago, as a member of the Viceroy's Council in India, he began the preparation of a Code of Criminal Procedure for that country, which was subsequently adopted. This work gained him considerable distinction, which has been increased by his other writings on legal and social topics and by his career as a Judge in recent years.

Among his more notable works, in addition to his Indian Code of Criminal Procedure, are a Digest of the Criminal Law of England, a Digest of the Law of Evidence, and a History of the Criminal Law of England, in three volumes. In the last-named work, which is by far the best treatise ever written on the subject, Mr. Justice Stephen devotes a good deal of space to the consideration of cases of murder by poisoning; and nearly one hundred pages of the third volume of the history are occupied by the reports of four celebrated cases of this nature. It is evident, therefore, that the Judge before whom Mrs. Maybrick has just been convicted has long taken a special interest in cases of homicide.

committed by means of poison, and so far as familiarity with the subject goes, there was probably no other person in England so well qualified as he to preside over such a trial. It is considered very funny when one of the characters in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of "The Mikado" proposes that somebody else shall be punished by immersion in boiling oil; but the law of England once prescribed as savage a punishment as this for murder by poisoning. By an act passed in the reign of Henry VIII. it was provided that poisoning should be deemed treason, and that any person convicted of the crime should be boiled to death. This enactment grew out of an occurrence in the household of the Bishop of Rochester: A porridge was in course of preparation, and a cook named Rose threw poison into the compound. Two persons who ate of it were killed and a large number of others were nearly killed. According to Pike's "History of Crime in England," Rose was publicly boiled to death at Smithfield. Sir James Stephen says that three or four persons (in all) were boiled under this law, which, however, was repealed in the time of Edward I. The statute he says, "is remarkable as supplying the single instance in which death by torture has been authorized in England as a punishment for any offence except treason and heresy."

The first of the poisoning cases of which an account is given by Mr. Justice Stephen in his history is that of John Donellan, who was tried at the Warwick Assizes in 1781 for the murder of his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, a young man of 20, who would have come into an estate of about \$10,000 a year on attaining his majority. Mrs. Donellan, the wife of the prisoner, would inherit the greater part of this fortune upon the death of Sir Theodosius Boughton, unmarried. The deceased had been

SUFFERING FROM A SLIGHT AILMENT, for which he was in the habit of taking medicine, but he had been out fishing an hour or two on the afternoon of the day preceding his death. Early the next morning he asked his mother to give him his medicine, and she handed him a bottle from a shelf in an outer room, to which other members of the household, including the prisoner, had free access. He took the draught, immediately complained of nausea, suffered from convulsions for about ten minutes, then became quieter and disposed to sleep, and died shortly afterward. The mother immediately conjectured that she had made some mistake in regard to the medicine, and said so to Donellan. He then asked for the physic bottle and rinsed it out with water. The theory of the prosecution was that lauro-

water was

and Lady Boughton testified that the smell of laurel water resembled that of the medicine which she had handed to her son. The medical evidence against the prisoner was given by four physicians, one of them a professor at Oxford, and they all agreed that the death of Sir Theodosius Boughton was caused by poison. To contradict their evidence the prisoner called the celebrated surgeon and physiologist, John Hunter, who testified in substance that the symptoms were consistent with those of epilepsy or apoplexy. The charge of the Judge, Mr. Justice Buller, was extremely unfavorable to the defendant, who was convicted almost immediately, and was subsequently hanged. Sir James Stephen says that the conduct of the Judge and the verdict of the jury were warmly censured at the time, and he expresses a doubt whether the prisoner would have been convicted at the present day, because the medical evidence was not nearly so strong as it might have been. He seems inclined to think, however, that the verdict was right.

The next case is that of William Palmer, who was a physician practising at Bury and who was tried for murdering a sporting man named John Parsons Cook, with whom he was on intimate terms, and with whom he had been involved in money transactions which created a strong motive on his part for desiring the death of Cook. The poison used was supposed to have been anti-

mony and strychnine, administered by Palmer to Cook at various times while they were in company. The first occasion was during the Shrewsbury races at the sitting-room of the Raven Hotel, where Cook complained that some brandy and water which he had just been drinking

BURNED HIS THROAT DREADFULLY, and told another friend that he thought Palmer had done him. The principal medical question in the case was whether death was caused by strychnine or traumatic eczema. Lord Campbell presided at the trial, which lasted twelve days, and Sir James Stephen himself was present during the greater part of the proceedings. The trial, he says, "made an impression on my mind, which the experience of twenty-six subsequent years, during which I have witnessed, studied, and taken part in many important cases, has rather strengthened than weakened. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the manner in which it exhibited in its very best and highest light the good side of English criminal procedure.

No more horrible villain than Palmer ever stood in a dock. The prejudice against him was so strong that it was considered necessary to pass an act of Parliament authorizing his trial in London. If he had not been convicted and hanged for the murder of Cook he would have been put upon trial for the murder of his wife and brother, and it was believed at the time (1856) that he had killed many other persons by poison.

The third case in the collection of Sir James Stephen is that of William Dove, who was tried at York in 1856, before Baron Bramwell, for poisoning his wife by strychnine. The Doves had lived unhappily together, and there was proof that the prisoner had threatened to kill his wife, and among other things had said "he would give her a pill that would do for her." The defence was insanity, and one of the medical witnesses suggested that the prisoner had allowed his mind to dwell on his wife's death so long that at last he became a victim to an uncontrollable propensity to kill her. The jury found him guilty.

but recommended him to mercy on the ground of his defective intellect. Notwithstanding this recommendation he was executed, and Mr. Justice Stephen thinks that an acquittal on the ground of insanity would have been wrong.

The last of the cases which we have mentioned occurred in 1859. Thomas Smethurst was indicted for the murder of Isabella Bankes, with whom he had gone through a sham ceremony of marriage. He lived with the deceased a few months, when he became ill and died, and Smethurst was arrested upon a charge of having caused her death by administering poison. It appeared that the death of Miss Bankes would result in giving him a sum of money equal to several thousand dollars, but there was no evidence that he was in pressing want of money at the time. One of the principal points against him was that he had not allowed any one but himself and the medical attendants to see Miss Bankes during her illness. He administered food and medicine to her, and himself acted as her physician. The experts who were called for the prosecution testified that some irritant poison had been administered with the drugs which were prescribed, and also that the postmortem

APPEARANCES OF THE BODY indicated that death had been caused by some poisonous irritant. There was considerable testimony for the defendant, however, to the effect that the symptoms were inconsistent with those which would be produced by poisoning and that death must have been due simply to disease. The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to death, but the Home Secretary subsequently advised the Queen to grant a pardon, upon the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie, the distinguished physician, that although the facts were full of suspicion against Smethurst, there was no absolute and complete evidence of his guilt. The prisoner was pardoned, but was subsequently convicted of bigamy and suffered a year's imprisonment for that crime.

All of these cases are interesting, especially in view of the fact that they are so prominently noticed in the principal work of the distinguished Judge before whom Mr. Maybrick has just been tried. It is surprising to read that Sir James Stephen was noted by the crowd as he left the court at Liverpool at the conclusion of the Maybrick trial, for the first reports of his charge to the jury conveyed the impression that it was extremely fair, and gave the prisoner the benefit of every doubt to which she was entitled by the evidence.

TWO MILES A MINUTE.

Startling Speed Maintained for Ten Miles by an Electric Motor.

A Baltimore despatch says:—On a two mile circular track the startling speed of two miles a minute was this morning maintained for about ten miles by the three ton motor of the Electro Automatic Transit Company, of Baltimore City, at their grounds at Laurel, Md. This speed equals three miles per minute on a straight track. David G. Weems, the inventor, conducted the experiments. The company will build at once a five-mile circular track on Long Island to demonstrate the practicability of the electric passenger system, and also the automatic system which was tried to day, and is intended only for light express packages, mail matter and newspapers.

Edison has pronounced it the greatest conception since the telegraph. The road will be fenced in by barbed wire to keep off cattle, and being insulated, the wires will be used for telephoning and signalling along the line. In the new passenger system the rails will have an upper and a lower bearing—the rail of the future, so the Steelton people call it. On the wheel which runs on the lower bearing will be pressed from time to time by a lazy wheel to hold the cars to the track on curves at a high rate of speed.

Across the Ocean.

Ocean racing is the natural outcome of the rivalry between the different steamship lines to secure the reputation of possessing the ship that has made the fastest trip on record across the Atlantic. But while it is the natural outcome, it is also a most undesirable feature of modern travel. Last week two new boats, one the City of New York owned by the Inman Co., and the other the Teutonic of the White Star line, raced from port to port and got into New York within an hour of each other after crowding on steam to such an extent that on one vessel at least a species of panic prevailed among the passengers all the way across; and not without cause, for steamships burst and the machinery becoming overheated, had constantly to have water played on it. One of these days something more serious than a pipe will give way and nine hundred or a thousand lives will be sacrificed in mid-ocean, with no possibility of the example being emulated of our old friend Jim Blisco and

Holding her nose to the bank till the cat gets ashore.

For there will be no friendly bank handy just at that moment. Expedition is certainly worth striving after, but there is such a thing as straying too dearly for it, and it has now become a question whether this ocean racing shall not be legally suppressed and a limit to her speed be placed on each boat.

Statistics just published show that the total number of papers in England and Wales is 762,853; which allows 26 for every 1,000 of the population.